HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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HERALD OF FREEDOM.

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ANTI-SLAVERY.

George Whitefield.

The following letter from this distinguished preacher is copied from the Liberator of August 11, 1832, written, as appears by its date nearly ninety nine years ago. It shows that slavery was not less oppressive and abhorrent to christian and human feelings at that period than at this time, notwithstanding it has so gravely and so often been asserted that its cruelties have been increased by the agitation of abolitionists. The spirit and tone of the letter are highly creditable to the humanity and moral courage of Whitefield, and merit unqualified commendation. But is it not surprising that one, a christian minister, who could so eloquently and so feelingly, and for aught appears, so sincerely and conscientiously denounce the system of slavery in 1740, should nevertheless thirty years afterwards in 1770, so far lose sight of justice and humanity as to advocate a speculation in the bodies and souls of negroes for the benefit of his favorite literary institution. We allude to his most abominable proposition, made to the governor and council of Georgia, for buying a number of slaves, whose labor should support the president, professors and tutors, and pay the other expenses of the college, which he had projected or had an agency in establishing in that state. To what can we attribute this change of sentiment, but to the inhumanizing and debasing effects of slavery! c.

A LETTER

From the Rev. George Whitefield to the inhabitants of Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina.

As I lately passed through your provinces, in my way hither, I was sensibly touched with a fellow-feeling of the miseries of the poor negroes. Could I have preached more frequently amongst you, I should have delivered my thoughts in my public discourses: but as my business here required me to stop as little as possible on the road, I have no other way to discharge the concern which at present lies upon my heart than by sending you this letter. How you will receive it I know not; whether you will accept it in love, or be offended with me, as the master of the damsel was with Paul, for casting the evil spirit out of her when he saw the hope of his gain gone, I am uncertain. Whatever be the event, I must inform you in the meekness and gentleness of Christ, that I think God has a quarrel with you for your abuse of, and cruelty to the poor negroes.—Whether it be lawful for christians to buy slaves, and thereby encourage the nations from whence they are brought to be at perpetual war with each other, I shall not take upon me to determine; sure I am, it is sinful when brought, to use them as bad, nay worse than as though they were brutes; and whatever particular exceptions there may be (as I would charitably hope there are some,) I fear the generality of you that own negroes, are liable to such a charge; for your slaves, I believe, work as hard, if not harder than the horses whereon you ride.

These, after they have done their work, are fed and taken proper care of; but many negroes when wearied with labor in your plantations, have been obliged to grind their own corn after they return home.

Your dogs are caressed and fondled at your tables—but your slaves, who are frequently styled dogs or beasts, have not an equal privilege. They are scarce permitted to pick up the crumbs which fall from their master's tables: nay, some, as I have been informed by an eye-witness, have been, upon the most trifling provocation, cut with knives, and had forks thrown into their flesh. Not to mention what numbers have been given up to the inhuman usage of cruel taskmasters, who by their unrelenting scourges have ploughed upon their backs, and made long furrows, and at length brought them even to death itself.

It is true, I hope there are but few such monsters of barbarity suffered to subsist among you. Some I hear, have been lately executed in Virginia for killing slaves, and the laws are very severe against such who at any time murder them.

And perhaps it might be better for the poor creatures themselves, to be hurried out of life, than to be made so miserable as they generally are in it. And indeed, considering what usage they commonly meet with, I have wondered that we have not more instances of self-murder among the negroes, or that they have not more frequently rose in arms against their owners. Virginia has once, and Charleston more than once been threatened in this way.

And though I heartily pray God they may never be permitted to get the upper hand, yet should such a thing be permitted by Providence, all good men must acknowledge the judgment would be just. For is it not the highest ingratitude, as well as cruelty, not to let your poor slaves enjoy some fruits of their labor?

When passing along, I have viewed your plantations cleared and cultivated, many spacious houses built, and the owners of them faring sumptuously every day, my blood has frequently almost run cold within me, to consider how many of your slaves had neither convenient food to eat or proper raiment to put on, notwithstanding most of the comforts you enjoy were solely owing to their indefatigable labors. The Scripture says, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." Does God take care of the oxen? And will he not take care of the negroes also? Undoubtedly he will.—Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.—Behold the provision of the poor negroes, which have reaped down your fields, which is by you denied them, crieth, and the cries of them which reaped, are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. We have a remarkable instance of God's taking cognizance of and avenging the quarrel of poor, slaves, 2 Sam. xxi. 1. "Then there was a famine in the days of David, three years, year after year; and David enquired of the Lord, And the Lord answered, it is for Saul and his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites." Two things are here very remarkable—First, that these Gibeonites were only hewers of wood and drawers of water, or in other words, slaves, like yours. Secondly, that this plague was sent by God many years after the injury, the cause of the plague, was committed. And for what end was this and such like examples recorded in holy Scripture? Without doubt for our learning upon whom the ends of the world are come. For God is the same to-day as he was yesterday, and will continue the same forever. He does not reject the prayer of the poor and destitute, nor disregard the cry of the meanest negroes. The blood of them spilt for these many years in your respective provinces, will ascend up to heaven against you. I wish I could say it would speak better things than the blood of Abel.

But this is not all: enslaving or misusing their bodies would, comparatively speaking, be an inconsiderable evil, was proper care taken of their souls. But I have great reason to believe that most of you, on purpose, keep your negroes ignorant of christianity; or otherwise, why are they permitted through your provinces, openly to profane the Lord's day, by their dancing, piping, and such like?

I know the general pretence for this neglect of their souls is, that teaching them christianity would make them proud, and consequently unwilling to submit to slavery. But what a dreadful reflection is this on your holy religion. What blasphemous notions must those that make such an objection have of the precepts of christianity. Do you find any one command in the gospel that has the least tendency to make people forget their relative duties? Do you not read that servants, and as many as are under the yoke of bondage, are required to be subject in all lawful things, to their masters; and that not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward? Nay, may I not appeal to your own hearts, whether deviating from the laws of Jesus Christ, is not the cause of all the evils and miseries mankind now universally groan under, and of all the vices we both find in ourselves and others? Certainly it is. And therefore the reason why servants generally prove so bad is, because so little care is taken to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—But some will be so bold perhaps as to reply, 'that a few of the negroes have been taught christianity, and notwithstanding, have been remarkably worse than others.'—But what christianity were they taught? They were baptised, and taught to read and write; and this they may do and much more, and yet be far from the kingdom of God; for there is a vast difference between civilizing and christianizing a negro. A black as well as a white man may be civilized by outward restraints, and afterwards break through those restraints again. But I challenge the whole world to produce a single instance of a negro's being made a thorough christian, and thereby made a worse servant. It cannot be. But farther, if teaching slaves christianity has such a bad influence upon their lives, why are you generally desirous of having your children taught? Think you they are any way better by nature than the poor negroes? No, in nowise. Blacks are just as much, and no more, conceived and born in sin, as white men are. Both, if born and bred up here, I am persuaded, are naturally capable of the same improvement. And as for the grown negroes, I am apt to think, whenever the gospel is preached with power among them, that many will be brought effectually home to God. Your present and past bad usage of them, however ill designed, may thus far do them good as to break their wills, increase the sense of their natural misery, and consequently better dispose their minds to accept the redemption wrought out for them by the death and obedience of Jesus Christ. God has, not long since, been pleased to make some of the negroes in New-England vessels of mercy; and some of them, I hear, have been brought to cry out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' in the province of Pennsylvania.—Doubtless there is a time, when the fulness of the Gentiles will come in: and then I believe, if not before, these despised slaves will find the gospel of Christ to be the power of God to their salvation as well as we. But I know all arguments to prove the necessity of taking care of your negroes' souls, though never so conclusive, will prove ineffectual, till you are convinced of the necessity of securing the salvation of your own; that you yourselves are not effectually convinced of this, I think is too notorious to want evidence. A general deadness as to divine things, and not to say a general profaneness, is discernable both in pastors and people.

Most of you are without any teaching priest. And whatever quantity of rum there may be, yet I fear but very few bibles are annually imported into your different provinces. God has already begun to visit for this as well as other wicked things. For near this two years past he has been in a remarkable manner contending with the people of South Carolina. Their houses have been depopulated with the small pox and fever, and their own slaves have rose up in arms against them. These judgments are undoubtedly sent abroad not only that the inhabitants of that but of other provinces, should learn righteousness: and unless you all repent, you all must in like manner expect to perish. God first generally corrects us with whips; and if that will not do, he must chastise us with scorpions. A foreign enemy is now threatening to invade you, and nothing will more provoke God to give you up as a prey into their teeth, than impenitence and unbelief. Let these be removed, and the sons of violence shall not be able to hurt you. No, your oxen shall be strong to labor, there shall be no decay of your people by epidemical sickness, no leading away into captivity from abroad, and no complaining in your streets at home.—Your sons shall grow up as young plants, and your daughters be as the polished corners of the temple: and to sum all blessings in one,—then shall the Lord be your God. That you may be the people who are in such a happy case, is the earnest prayer of

Your sincere well-wisher
and servant in Christ, G. W.

Savannah, Jan. 23, 1740.

From the Advocate of Freedom.

Shall we give up our Peculiar Measures?

It is often urged by opponents that our efforts have no tendency to emancipate slaves, and that we had better abandon our peculiar measures, and go back to the old way of praying a little over the subject, and hoping for the best. And it is thought that the intelligence of such a change on our part, would have quite a salutary effect upon the South. We are not philosophers enough to calculate with certainty what would be the effect if we were to follow this sage advice. If, for example, we should begin to retrace our steps by collecting together for one great bonfire, the hundreds of thousands of Thome and Kimball's Journal, scattered over the land with power irresistible teaching even the hardened South the practicability and safety of immediate emancipation; and the thousands of Weld's Bible Argument, in which the scriptures are rescued from the foul charge of American slavery; and Wythe on the power of Congress, by which our power as a nation to terminate the bloody system in the District and Territories is placed beyond dispute; and the Elmore Correspondence communicating to the South a correct exposition of our principles and measures, and giving some idea of the moral power fast arraying against its peculiar institution; and our Anti-Slavery Almanacs innumerable, and our tracts without number addressed to the reason, the conscience, and the heart, and calling out all the powers of our common humanity in behalf of the outraged slave—and if next, we should break in pieces our Newspaper presses and add them to the smouldering heap, and send out no more Emancipators, Philanthropists, Heralds of Freedom, &c. to diffuse our anti-slavery intelligence among the people and spread out before them our facts and arguments, and keep the South apprised too of the progress of liberty—and if next, we should call home all our anti-slavery lecturers from pleading the cause of the suffering and the dumb, and lay aside our organization and all that union and concert of effort in which there is power, and disband our societies in which we meet to kindle afresh the anti-slavery fire that glows in our bosoms and to cheer each other on in our labors; and if we should also give up our monthly concert of prayer for the slave, and in short cease from all our peculiar efforts for arousing our guilty country to consider and put away from her her deadliest sin—we have not quite philosophy enough to calculate what would be the effect upon the South, should we now take this down-hill course and fall back again upon the old habit of deploring the great evil entailed upon our Southern brethren and praying in general terms that in some way or other it might come to an end, while they also would whine most piteously with us over their unfortunate condition, and all the time cease not continually to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of the foul system, and hug closer to their bosoms the putrid carcass that is destroying them—the probable effects of such a course we will not venture to calculate. We will however with Yankee privilege, make another supposition.

We will suppose that through the clear and efficient promulgation of the truth, the North had not merely become excited to fervent prayer for the slave, but that we had come to the belief that this holding helpless men and women as property, this system of darkening intellect, destroying responsibility and effacing the image of God from the souls that are his, is a great sin which ought to be immediately repented of and abandoned; and that by every possible means of communication we were laboring to impress this great truth upon Southern conscience—that the long silent pulpit was beginning to speak out, boldly proclaiming the truth of God on the subject of slavery and calling the nation to repentance—that those who minister at the altar, and whose imperious duty it is to warn the people of their sins, were as faithful in exposing any other flagrant iniquity—that the church at length aroused from its lethargic slumbers was taking its decided stand against all oppression and robbing of God's poor; and from its private meetings and public convocations was proclaiming the guilt of the slaveholder and uttering in his ear its warnings, its rebukes, its entreaties—that the whole mass of northern mind had become alive not merely to the wrong and ineffable meanness of slavery, but to its utter incompatability with our liberties and the permanence of our free institutions—that our secular newspapers instead of maintaining the silence of death on the subject, or speaking only in behalf of the oppressor, had become the unflinching advocates of equal rights and impartial liberty for all the inhabitants of the land—that our religious papers instead of harping upon the faults of abolitionists, and talking more against them than against slavery, were all engaged in endeavoring to enlighten the public mind upon the greatest of our national sins—that a thorough anti-slavery spirit was pervading the whole mass of the community, and an utter abhorrence of the giant iniquity felt by all ranks and conditions of men, and by all ages from lisping infancy to the last extreme of life—that our sick would rather die at home than recover, nursed on the lap of slavery at the South—that our merchants, our manufacturers, our ship owners would rather that their wares should perish and their ships rot at the wharves, than to drive a gainful business, based upon the tears, the sweat, the blood of the slave—that our Northern men compelled to go to the South, shrink from all contact with slavery, as though it were the pestilence or cholera—that the thousands upon thousands of our southern brethren, who come up annually to the north upon business or to squander at our watering places their ill-gotten wealth, instead of being received without hesitation into our pulpits, and at our communion tables, and into our parlors, are kindly admonished of their iniquity, and in default of immediate repentance and fruits meet for repentance, are excluded from good society, and treated according to their deserts as other high handed offenders—that our political atmosphere had become purified from the noxious effluvia which has long been accumulating in it from the southern dead sea—that northern men with southern principles were fast disappearing from the high places of power—that the voters for gag resolutions, the base bowers-down to the dark spirit of slavery, were fast getting permission to retire from the halls of Congress to the ignoble obscurity for which they are alone fit, and their places fast filling up with friends of equal and impartial liberty, men not afraid to look southern despots in the face, and advocate the right in despite of their menace and rage—that our petitions increased to millions had become too weighty to be laid on the table, a respectful hearing granted them, the whole subject of slavery discussed in Congress, and the fiat issued that it shall be no more in the District and Territories, and the traffic in slaves pronounced piracy on the land as it has been on the seas, and thus the verdict of the whole nation given against slavery instead of being as it now is in its favor—suppose, in short, through the effect of our peculiar measures the North thoroughly abolitionized, and its whole influence in all the ways in which its influence may be exerted, brought to bear against this outrage upon all human rights, this felony of the highest grade, this monster of iniquity whose name is legion; and suppose, too, by the same instrumentality, the truth, which is mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds, poured in focal blaze upon the dark, bloody system; and how long would it then sustain itself? This inquiry we think we can answer, and we do it unhesitatingly—NOT ONE YEAR!

It is too late in the day then to ask us now to cease from our peculiar efforts and go back to the methods of by-gone days of lamentation and doing nothing, praying and not working—No. We have found the place where to stand, and have got upon the long arm of the lever; and while the pillars of the old Bastile are rocking under our appliances, and its gloomy, blood stained walls are tottering to their fall, we shall not most assuredly, at the call of the interested who think that we are carrying matters too far, or at the suggestion of the timid who really approve our object but doubt the wisdom of our measures, and who fear agitation almost as much as they do slavery, or of the inert who think that we need not be at so much trouble in this affair,—we shall not listen to any craven cry to desist from our peculiar measures, until the whole vile fabric is down, its fragments scattered to the winds, and not one stone left upon another to mark the spot where it stood.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

Southern Slave-Breeding.

[The Enquirer, published in Richmond, Virginia, comes out in its utmost wrath against O'Connell, the Irish agitator, because in his speech at Birmingham, on the first of August last, in a meeting of the friends of liberty, he declared that the Virginians were slave-breeders, raising negroes as we do cattle for the purpose of traffic. At this declaration—the truth of which is susceptible of the clearest proof—the Enquirer takes fire, and lets off in its most energetic strain.] c.

"We pronounce Daniel O'Connell's attack upon the Virginia character to be a wanton and infamous libel. Badly as we have been treated by so many English Tourists, we do not believe that any of them has yet ventured to put forth so gratuitous an assertion. If there be any allusion in any of them, it must be the lowest of the caste, whose productions have not yet had strength of wing sufficient to cross the Atlantic. But we give the most unqualified contradiction to the whole story. Born in Virginia—mixing constantly with her citizens—familiar as we are with her institutions and manners, we have never seen, we have never heard of any such breeding plantations, as this reckless man describes—of any such practices; of any such apportionment of the sexes. The whole statement is a fable—and nothing but the peculiar circumstances, under which it is uttered, could induce us to condescend for one moment to give it this flat contradiction. It is false as to Virginia—it is false as to the rest of the Southern States. It is not only unfounded in itself; but if Daniel O'Connell had condescended to give one moment's attention to his own assertion, it would have struck him as manifestly and grossly absurd."

We shall not take upon us to say that O'Connell has not exaggerated the slave breeding business of Virginia. I am myself persuaded that there are no slave breeding plantations conducted in the gross manner he has specified. But that slave breeding for a foreign market, is a part of her domestic economy is beyond all doubt. Professor Dew's pamphlet of 1832, roundly asserts it.

"He says, p. 49—'from all the information we can obtain, we have no hestiation in saying that upwards of six thousand [slaves] are yearly exported [from Virginia] to other States.' Again, p. 61: 'The 6000 slaves which Virginia annually sends off to the South, are a source of wealth to Virginia.'—Again, p. 120: 'A full equivalent being thus left in the place of the slave, this emigration becomes an advantage to the State, and does not check the black population as much as, at first view, we might imagine—because it furnishes every inducement to the master to attend to his negroes, to *encourage breeding*, and to cause the greatest number possible to be raised,' &c."

When this work was put forth, the Enquirer read and commended it. It met the general approbation of the Virginia press. The fact of breeding slaves for exportation is distinctly stated, and in the most approbatory manner. Its abhorrent character did not then attract the attention of the Enquirer. But when it is run out into its very probable grossness, the Enquirer becomes indignant. And yet Professor Dew's economy as stated in his book was and is well calculated to mislead O'Connell, who very probably has read it.

Gen. Hamilton has his curse at O'Connell also.

"His slanders in relation to slave breeding in Virginia are doubtless from the mintage of his own mendacious imagination, for which he is not indebted even to the thousand calumnies of the veritable 'Tourists' in America. Your readers at home know that the story is as untrue as the scandal is indecent and audacious. As to his social anathema, 'that no slaveholder ought to be received on a footing of equality by any of the civilized inhabitants of Europe,' we would, I believe, readily submit, if the proscription were to extend to our exclusion from his society alone. The calamity, indeed would not be an intolerable one. By this rule, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe, would have been unfit companions for Daniel O'Connell!!!"

We have nothing to say in behalf of O'Connell, but we are not disposed to hear such vaporing as this of Hamilton and allow it to pass without exposure. The "*mintage*" of Professor Dew we have already referred to. We now refer to another, from which O'Connell might reasonably originate his notices of *slave-breeding* in Virginia.

It is known to some American politicians that the famous Wm. Cobbett, in early life was a furious pamphleteer and newspaper editor, in Philadelphia. When he returned to England he republished his American Works, in an edition of twelve volumes. In the second volume, pages 46, 47, 48, there is the following article, bearing upon civic feast, in Charleston, South Carolina:

"To these extracts I shall take the liberty of adding two others, both from the same newspaper; one of them is an elegant account of the close of a civic feast, and the other, though not absolutely on the same subject as the first, certainly adds to its beauty. The first is the precious jewel, and the last the foil; I shall therefore place them as near as possible to each other.

'After this the Cap of Liberty was placed on the head of the President, then on each member. The Marcellois hymn and other similar songs were sung by different French citizen members. Thus cheerfully glided the hours away of this feast by congenial souls to commemorate the happy day, when the sons of Frenchmen joined the sons of America to overthrow tyranny in this happy land.'

'FOR SALE,

Two negro lads, one about twelve and the other about fifteen years old—remarkably healthy; the youngest is near four feet nine inches high, and the oldest about five feet. Also a negro wench for sale, coming eighteen years old, and far advanced with child—but very strong and capable of any kind of work.'"

Leaving this without comment, I shall add an extract or two from a debate of Congress, which I shall also leave without comment: such things scorn the aid of declamation.

The subject of the debate I allude to, was an amendment to a bill of Naturalization. A member from *Virginia* had proposed, that a clause should be inserted to exclude foreign noblemen from becoming citizens of the United States of America, unless they would first make a solemn *renunciation of their* TITLES. A member from New-England proposed, as an amendment to this, that such nobleman should also renounce the right of *holding slaves*. On this amendment a member from *Carolina* said: 'That the gentleman *durst not* come forward, and tell the house, that men who *possessed slaves* were unfit for

holding an office under a *Republican* government. He desired the gentleman to consider what might be the consequence of this motion, at this time, considering what has happened in the West Indies. His amendment would irritate the minds of thousands of *good citizens* in the *southern* States, as it affects the *property* which they have acquired by their *industry*. He thought the amendment partook more of *monarchical principles* than any thing which he had seen for some time!

A member from *Virginia* said, on the same occasion, that, 'He [illegible] *ered*, and never could consent to prohibit the emigrant nobility *from* [illegible] any more than other people, but [illegible] *bility* they were [illegible].'

"Oh! happy Carolina! happy, thrice happy Virginia! No [illegible] Aristocrat dares to lord it over the free born swains who cultivate the delicious weed, that adorns, first the lovely fields and then the lovelier chops of the drivelling drunkard! After having spent the day in singing hymns to the Goddess of Liberty, the virtuous Democrat goes home to his peaceful dwelling, and sleeps with his *property* secure beneath his roof, yea, sometimes in his very *arms*; and when his '*industry*' has enhanced its value, it bears to a new owner the proofs of his democratic delicacy!"

This is a transaction of forty-two years ago, which must have fallen under the observation of every English, Scotch, and Irish reader of any distinction. When this '*vintage*' of forty years is compared with the fresh book of Professor Dew, and with the stream of current advertisements in the Southern press, they furnish a strong body of evidence, that might mislead any man, who was honest in search of truth. And it even now seems to me, that the facts they disclose go very far to show that the strong assertions of the Enquirer and of the General are entitled to no great credit.

In illustration of this, I have cut the following advertisements from the first three Southern papers I have laid my hands upon after penning this article:

[Mobile Mercury, Oct. 9.

NEGRO WOMAN FOR SALE.—A first rate Negro Woman, aged about 20 years, a good Cook, superior Washer and Ironer; sound, healthy, and trusty, and without children. Apply to

LOUISA FORREST,
69 Dauphin Street.

[Charleston Mercury, Oct. 12.

NEGROES WANTED.—Persons having likely NEGROES to dispose of, from the age of 12 to 25, will find it to their advantage to call on the subscriber, corner of King and George streets.

ALEXANDER M'DONALD.

[Richmond Enquirer, Oct. 19.

CASH SALE OF NEGROES.—I will sell, to the highest bidder, for cash, at Lawrenceville, on the 25th of November next, it being Brunswick Court day, twenty negroes, consisting of men, women, girls and boys. ANDREW M'NEILL.

NOTICE.—Will be sold at the late residence of William Toler, deceased, in Goochland county, on Tuesday the 23d day of October, if fair, if not, the next fair day thereafter, (Sunday excepted) 30 likely NEGROES, consisting of men, boys and girls. Also, 2 or 300 barrels of corn; fodder, hay, and oats; stock of horses, 5 yoke of oxen, cows, hogs, sheep, 1 gig and carryall; plantation utensils, 1 wagon, household and kitchen furniture, and many other articles too tedious to mention.

The terms of sale will be made known on that day. WILLIAM T. TOLER.
Adm'r of Wm. Toler, dec'd.

NOTICE.—Committed to the jail of Norfolk Borough, as a Runaway, on the 27th day of August, 1838, a negro man. He says his name is JAMES CHEESMAN, and was born free in the county of York, Va., black complexion, aged about 40 years. The owner of the above negro, if any, is requested to comply with the law in such cases. N. CURRIER,
Jailor of Norfolk Borough.

NEGROES FOR SALE.—Will be sold for cash on Monday, 26th inst. (if fair, if not, the next fair day,) to the next bidder, at the late residence of John Humphries, dec'd, in Spottsylvania county, near Partlow's Tavern, (Newmarket) all the negroes belonging to said deceased, consisting of one man, five boys, and a girl, all young and likely.

STEPHEN HUMPHRIES,
JOHN HUMPHRIES,
ROBT. HUMPHRIES,
Managers.

The Whigs and the Abolitionists.

[We select the following from the (New-York) Emancipator of Nov. 22. It has reference to the condition and conduct of political parties and partizans in the Empire State, but may apply without material variation to the politics and politicians of other states. It most forcibly admonishes abolitionists to pursue a straight forward course keeping their principles always in view unawed, unmoved, and unseduced by the denunciations, the [illegible] or twistifications of party politicians.]

It is a favorite policy of the politicians, of either party, according to circumstances, to represent their party as friendly or unfriendly to abolition. And this representation is made, not on the ground of [illegible], but solely as they judge will be expedient for the *present interests* of their party. In the years 1835-6, it was the policy of the (so-called) Democratic party, to go to the greatest length against the abolitionists, for the sake of helping Mr. Van Buren to get the votes of the South. Hence Mr. Beardsley's activity in getting up the Utica mob—for which he has *not yet got* his nomination as governor. Hence Gov. Marcy's message, in January 1836, in which after repeating the most false and insulting charges against the abolitionists, he closes by a proposition, virtually, that if the mobs and news-paper slanders did not put us down, our operations should be effectually suppressed by the potent arm of the law. Read his language:

"Relying on the influence of a sound and enlightened public opinion to constrain and control the misconduct of the citizens of a free government, especially when directed, as it is seen in this case, with unexampled [illegible] to the particular evils under consideration, and perceiving that its influence has been thus far salutary, I entertain the best hopes that the remedy, of itself, will entirely remove these evils, or render them comparatively harmless. But if these reasonable expectations should, unhappily be disappointed; if, in the face of numerous and striking exhibitions of public reprobation excited from our constituents by a just fear of the fatal issues in which the unwearied efforts of the abolitionists may ultimately end, any considerable portion of these misguided men should persist in pushing them forward to disastrous consequences, then a question, new to our confederacy, will naturally arise, and must be met. It must then be determined how far the several states can provide, within the proper exercise of their constitutional powers, and how far in fulfillments resulting from their federal relations, they ought to provide, by their own laws, for the *trial and punishment*, by their own judicatories, of residents within their limits, guilty of acts therein, which are calculated to excite insurrection and rebellion in a sister State. *Without the power to pass such laws*, the States would not possess the necessary means of preserving their external relations of peace among themselves, and would be without the ability to fulfil in all instances, the sacred obligations which they owe to each other as members of the Federal Union. Such a *power* is the acknowledged attribute of sovereignty; and the *exercise* of it is often necessary to prevent the embroiling of neighboring nations."

Gov. Marcy's expectations are not yet realized; and he himself has now received permission from the freemen of New-York to retire to private life. But now it suits the policy of a certain portion of the Whig party to denounce the abolitionists, with the vain hope of favoring the election of Henry Clay to the presidency in 1840. In this State, the generality of the papers have kept very still about it, until the election was over; and many, even abolitionists, were made to believe that the success of the Whig party was all the same as the success of abolition—and they acted accordingly. But now "the fish are caught" and the net is laid aside. The Evening Star, whose editor boasts that he first excited the Whig party to activity, is now taking up Gov. Marcy's old song about putting down the abolitionists. In the Star of Nov. 8, he says,

"We are strongly of opinion that the Whigs have succeeded throughout the State, but whether successful or defeated, this abolition association *must be put down*—ALL PARTIES MUST UNITE IN IT—it is more dangerous than any question now exciting the people of this country. The blacks can only be manumitted in two ways—by purchase or by revolution. If their owners will not consent to sell them, and with them of course the soil they cultivate, and WHICH WITHOUT THEM WOULD BE OF NO VALUE, there is no power on earth to compel them but by *force*."

The editor overlooks, or probably is still profoundly ignorant of the third method of freeing the slaves—by the free consent of the masters, induced at once by a sense of justice and a wise regard to their own true interests. But the proposal for "all parties" to unite in putting down the abolitionists, may teach the abolition Whigs that there is an influential portion of their own political party ready to sacrifice the Whig party at any moment, and go over and unite with the opposition party, for the sake of "putting down" abolition. And yet abolition Whigs have been ready to sacrifice the interest of the slave for the purpose of keeping in with the commercial Whigs, to preserve the integrity of the Whig party, which the latter avow is only to be preserved by the annihilation of abolition.

The New-York Courier and Enquirer was very peaceable towards the abolitionists, until after the polls were closed, on Wednesday night. But the pent-up gall could be retained no longer, and the next morning it broke forth in the following burst of fury, which we publish with capitals and italics, as it appeared in the first column of the big sheet, of Nov. 8:

"If *Abolitionism* can be in other words *Treason* to the union of the States [illegible] that WILLIAM H. SEWARD is elected Governor. But [illegible] who seek abolition of slavery without regard to the Constitution and institutions of the country, have for a moment [illegible] honest and highminded men into their toils, and have thus given themselves a political importance [illegible]. When time is allowed for reflection, all those thus deluded, will find expressed in the letter of Mr. Seward, the only opinions in regard to this exciting topic which any *honest* man—any *patriot* may hold without being guilty of *treason* to our Union. Then will political Abolition be held up as a byword and a reproach: and those who have temporarily yielded to it, looked with scorn and indignation upon the unprincipled men with whom it originated. Thank God, the Whigs of the State and City of New-York, while they feel as men should feel on this subject, have clearly demonstrated that they at least are prepared to hold *Abolitionism* as only worthy of being associated with *Loco Focoism and Fanny Wrightism*. With them they have [illegible] to the tomb of the Capulets,' and [illegible] victory they have achieved is [illegible] with this new-fangled species of *treason* to the Union."

Now, [illegible] the duty of all governments to suppress "TREASON" by the power of law, it [illegible] the duty of the *Whig* legislature of New-York to "put down" *this* "treason," according to the suggestion of the Star. And as "the new broom sweeps clean," and it is always expected that a new party coming into power will seek to gain eclat by doing what their predecessors have left undone, it must follow, that so far as the Whigs represented by these papers have influence, the legislature of New-York will make it one of their first objects, the ensuing winter, to enforce the penalties of *præmunire* upon every abolition society or editor in the State. Whether Gov. Seward will signalize his inaugural message with a recommendation to that effect,—remains to be seen. When the [illegible] comes, we hope all wise abolitionists will have the forethought to "stand from under."

We do not intend to charge these things upon the whole Whig party. But they show what the "commercial Whigs" would do if they could. And they show what the abolitionists have to expect from the present party organizations, when left to themselves. The country Whigs are bound to take measures to clear their skirts from the contamination of fellowship with this ruffianism.

Justice however requires, that we should not omit to copy the following rebuke administered to the savages of the Courier and the Gazette, by that able Whig paper, the Albany Evening Journal:

"We are pained, amid the general joy that pervades, to see, in the Courier & Enquirer, an indiscriminate attack upon Abolitionists. This is equally unjust and unwise. It is true that Messrs. Tappan, Smith, Birney, Leavitt, Stanton, and other abolition leaders, in their misguided zeal—to use the most charitable expression—endeavored to sacrifice their country by destroying the Whig party. But the great mass of Abolitionists felt and acted like men who hold just and enlightened views of their duty as citizens. The good sense and patriotism of four-fifths of the Anti-Slavery Electors prevailed against the un-patriotic and inglorious efforts of the few who sought, by the foulest means, the destruction of the Whig candidate for Governor—a man whose life is as pure, whose views are as enlarged, whose patriotism is as unalloyed, and whose philanthropy is as disinterested as that of those who reproached and vilified him."

The Whig papers in the interior, without, so far as we have seen, a single exception, rebuke the frenzy of their *commercial* associates in this city. They know, that as they have gained the State by the support of the abolitionists, so they can keep it by no other means.

CONCORD: DECEMBER 1, 1838.

All men are created equal; are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.—DECLARATION OF IND.

All men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural, essential, and unalienable rights [illegible]

All men are by nature equally free and independent and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society they cannot by any compact deprive or divest their posterity—namely the enjoyment of life and LIBERTY, with the means of acquiring and possessing property and obtaining happiness and safety.—CONSTITUTION OF VIRGINIA.

Petitions.

Are abolitionists gathering a harvest of signatures to send to Washington at the opening of the session of Congress? We fear not. It is every body's business to see to it—therefore we fear nobody will see to it. The work is going on grandly in our little town. A sterling abolitionist is scouring the whole town and gathering up all the people, who have heart and sense enough to sign. He takes them indiscriminately and his gathering roll looks already (on only his second day) like the record of the census taken—men, women and children sign as they come to them. Males under 21 and females under 18, put their years in figures against their names, so that the tramplers on the sacred right of petition may see the injured and insulted party before them to the life. Many that refuse to sign do homage to the cause by admitting that the prayer of the petition ought to be granted, but decline signing for fear they will retard emancipation. So much the better.—They will do something else more anti-slavery still than signing petitions. They are opposed to slavery they say, and they dare not sign for fear signing is not anti-slavery enough. If it would promote the abolition of slavery they would sign the petitions.—Poor slaveholding will therefore take no encouragement from the absence of any of our townsmen's names. They are withholden out of *excessive ill will* to the peculiar institution. We will send such a document to the venerable Adams as he never before received, considering our small numbers. It purports to come from "the undersigned PEOPLE of Plymouth." Let them lay this fragment of the national sovereignty—this appeal of the real and original "*Vox Populi*" on the funeral table if they dare.

We pray our friends to adopt this mode of petitioning. Appoint their ablest hand to gather the names of the population, and pay him amply for the arduous and most important service. *Monthly concert* money can't be better laid out. See to it quickly.

We were delighted to meet a grey haired friend of an adjoining town, smiling and cheery as boyhood yesterday, in a temperature cold enough to freeze any thing dead but the tide of philanthropy. I received, said he, a printed blank petition to Congress from somebody I don't know who, with no directions. My wife has been an abolitionist a good while. I had not thought so much about it. I showed her the paper. It is to have us get signers said she. I can't attend to it said I. You can harness the horse for me said the whole hearted wife. They won't sign said I. It was evening. We thought of it and talked it over, and in the morning prayed over it. You will harness the horse for me to go husband said Mrs. ——. I will harness the horse, said I, and go and drive you, but you won't get 20 signers. We started, and how many do you think we got? Possibly 20, said we, (for it was a very anti-emancipation town.) A hundred and six, said he, and we did not go over half the town. They signed beyond all expectation, and the day—I never enjoyed a better day—or had happier feelings. Some abused me, but I could bear it. You had better mind your own business, said squire ———, than be about with these petitions. I am acting, said Mr.—— for them that can't act or speak for themselves—that an't allowed *to speak* for themselves. I am speaking for them. I am speaking for the dumb. It is all I can do. You do as you please. I shan't be angry if you don't sign—as to blame—consult your conscience. The squire told him it was unconstitutional. That may be said our friend. I am ignorant and you know. But I want you to show me the constitution where it forbids my getting signers to a petition. It was not handy to show it—but the squire did not sign. He was a politician—though a very sensible man. His wife thought the Saviour and his apostles did not get up petitions against slavery. Such slavery as ours, said our friend, did not exist, I imagine, in their day. Judge —— refused to sign. He said the Bible sanctioned slavery. That Abraham held slaves. I should like to have been one of Abraham's slaves, said Mr.——. They *were treated as sons*, by the old patriarch.—We mean to start again said he and go through the rest of the town. Go, said we, and the Lord be with you and the blessing of the perishing.

Brethren, there is a spirit abroad secretly influencing the hearts of men and they know it not. God is undermining slavery by working on the characters and feelings of the northern people and they are insensible of it. Now then let abolitionists take the field. One thing we omitted in the petition for our own place, and that is a prayer for the rescinding of the Patton resolution. That should head the petition. For while that remains our very right of petition is denied. A legal friend, of great acuteness and justness of mind, remarked to us, speaking of petitions—"offer no more petitions, but demand the rescinding of the Patton resolution. You have petitions enough there now. Let them consider them." We like the idea of demanding the rescindment of that presumptuous resolution—but petitions must pour in also for the overthrow of slavery. One must be done and the other not left undone. Again we say to abolitionists—up and circulate your petitions. Go at it promptly over the frozen ground. The session of Congress is at hand.

Grafton County Meeting.

We hail the call of our early and devoted brother Blaisdell to the *two days' meeting* at Haverhill.—This is as it should be. These one day meetings amount to nothing, but mere meeting and separating. They are over before they are begun. It takes the first day to get on the harness and get it set, and to strike out the work,—and while you are about it, brethren are beginning to drop off. Every thing is hurry. There is no deliberation—no discussion.—There is a great deal to be said, and a great deal *to be done*, now, at a *county meeting*. Thanks to our judicious and active brother, for his *duplicate* appointment.

And now shall the call be answered. Will the Grafton abolitionists be on the ground—at the house on the *first* day—prepared to stay the second,—or will they wish well to the slave and the cause, and stay snugly at home and "nurse their" anti-slavery over the blaze of a Christmas fire,—"to keep it warm."

Brethren, we would earnestly exhort your full and faithful attendance. Remember the all important object and character of your meeting. It is not for the insignificant purpose of naming partizan aspirants to office, who may "strut and fret their hour upon the stage" of "a little brief authority." No, it is to assert and maintain the great principles of unalienable human liberty, now fading and failing in the breasts of this nation; to raise to life and health, the spirit of northern freedom, sickening and declining under the deadly breath of the dragon of the South. We meet to renovate the faltering national liberty—to fan its expiring flame—and revive its intermitting pulse.

Farmers of Grafton county—laboring men—tillers and owners of the soil, will you ride a few leagues and afford a few hours of time, to rescue your noble calling and condition from the foul dishonor this foolish nation is fixing upon it? Will you meet to vindicate the honor of labor? This nation have given it over to insult and degradation, and the labor of men is coming to be ranked with the labor of draft horses and with ox work. Will you stay at home and submit to it?

Whence the general inclination of your young men to abandon and disrespect the business of agriculture, and to resort, where we have no nominal slavery—to their wits, or worse, for the means of living? It is the reproach slavery has cast in your country upon the name of labor. It is fast sinking it to the character of *servitude*. Labor must rise and put down this insolent and tyrant slaveholding—or it must bow its strong neck to the yoke of vassalage. Men who respect themselves cannot work, when working becomes *disreputable*—and to the depths of disrespect and servility, the slave system would soon reduce all American labor.

Rally then, farmers of this hill country, and these valleys among the hills! rally to the summons of northern liberty. Come with your sons, to whom you are to leave your beloved homesteads,—that you may leave them something beside your lands—something that will enable them to remain lords of their own acres. Bring them, as Hamilcar brought the young Hannibal, not to swear enmity to Rome, but to learn enmity to slavery and to learn the principles that will extirpate it from your country.

Men and women and youth! gather to this meeting—for it is an ANTI-SLAVERY meeting. Fathers—grey hairs the honor of old men are dishonored and soiled here in your country in the dust of slavery. Mothers—brute labor in the field and the bloody whip are the portion of your matron sisters of the South, and at the seat of your nation's Congress. Young women—your sisters are sold at auction in the capital of your country, to the vile fate of [illegible]rant and most heartless licentiousness. And young men—your youthful countrymen are consigned in the spring time and flood tide of life to a hopeless, [illegible]ing, despairing slavery. Can you endure it, [illegible] WILL GOD ENDURE YOU, if you silently consent [illegible] it now you are warned?

The Sages of the Revolution

Met at Philadelphia in Sept. '87, to form a Constitution, "in order," among other things, "to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity." They ordained [illegible] "NO PERSON should be DEPRIVED of PROPERTY or LIBERTY, *without due process of law*."

Just before this—giving to the world the grounds of their revolt from the government to which they had sworn allegiance—they subscribed and [illegible] oath to this remarkable declaration, that THE [illegible]ATED EQUALITY and the BIRTH-RIGHT, and [illegible]ALIENABLE *title to liberty*, of EVERY HUMAN BEING, were SELF-EVIDENT, and calling God to *witness*, they PLEDGED LIFE, FORTUNE and [illegible]CRED HONOR, to *make it good*.

After wallowing in blood and dust eight years [illegible] compelled Great Britain to give it up, that the Declaration was true.

The sages had made slaves of a good many of [illegible] own countrymen before this, and held them in [illegible] bondage, at the time they made the Declaration, but it was the general understanding with slaves [illegible] masters and all the country, that if they could [illegible]tain the revolution, and get their independence, there should be slavery no longer, and the slaves [illegible] fight out the desperate struggle for the common [illegible]erty.

They got through with it, and the sages met, [illegible] tire independence, in the city of William Penn, [illegible] make such laws and regulations as they chose.

We will mention one thing they then did, only [illegible] at this time. We feel inclined and bound to do [illegible] for we spoke lightly of their political integrity—[illegible] of the whole of them as individuals, but of the majority of them in Convention. We spoke of their relation to the deed we are about to specify. [illegible] doubt shocked the patriotism or rather the [illegible] *self-complacency* and *pride* of many an abolitionist. We confess that the perusal startled our own.

Our readers will remember that there had existed from a far period back in the *gratifying* history of our *race*, a sort of trade to the coast of Africa called the slave trade. It was carried on by that portion of the world called, from its professions, Christendom, *Heathen* nations did not participate in it, we believe. It was entirely a *christian* traffic. Its freight was men, women and children. The petty chiefs of neighboring tribes of the simple Africans were invited by the craft of these *christendom* merchants, to war upon each other, for the procurement of captives, who were brought to the sea-side, and sold to the merchants aforesaid, for beads, penknives, bits of old iron, or such other good and valuable consideration as *christendom* afforded, as the price of blood. The transportation of the people thus torn from home and country and sweet kindred and [illegible] that makes life dear, was called the "middle passage," that is, *midway* between kidnapping on the African coast, and consignment to eternal bondage on the shores of *christendom*. This passage has been styled "HELL," by writers, who knew something of its *unhuman* atrocities, and of the satanic character of those concerned in the trade. It [illegible] off death enough on the way, as its ordinary wear and tear and waste, to keep up a very numerous and well-sustained shark-attendance—as regular as the slave ship, and constant as the trade winds. Happy those, whose fate it was to sustain this submarine branch of the infernal commerce.

Well, the "sages of the revolution" had occasion in the fulfilment of their pledge aforesaid, to [illegible] this trade. See how they did it.—"The migration or importation," said the sages, "of such persons as any of the states, now existing, shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress, prior to the year (year of *our Lord*, they should have said it) one thousand eight hundred and eight," but "a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person." This was in '87—protecting this slave trade *twenty years*!

On this provision we make no comment, but leave it for others who may be desirous of inheriting the renown of a majority of the Convention which formed the federal Constitution.

Mr. Putnam's Sermon.

We have received a copy of this sterling address to the church at Dunbarton, on the duty of refusing communion with slaveholding. And here we cannot but exclaim, what a people are we, and what churches are ours, that it is necessary to press resolves at this late day, that we will not extend, any longer, church fellowship to this mammoth sin against God and man! Has it been fellowshiped by the church of Christ in this country! Yes, and is now, and strenuously so, and many a church would sooner withhold communion from an abolitionist, than a slaveholder. How strange it will one day sound, that a pastor was under the necessity of solemnly and argumentatively addressing his church, in behalf of withdrawing fellowship from an enormity like this! Such a church too as the church in Dunbarton—a whole age ahead of the churches generally in the country. They passed the resolves. In some other churches it has been attempted. In the Congregational church in Plymouth, this resolution was offered, advocated, and voted down: "Resolved, that in this day of light and intelligence on the subject of slavery, we cannot consistently hold communion with slaveholding professors, or admit slaveholding ministers to preach in our pulpit." This was the substance, and so far as we can recollect, the words of the resolve. It was voted down,—and the pulpit of that church now stands open to the intrusion of the professed preacher of that gospel which proclaims deliverance to the captive and the opening the prison doors to them that are bound, who not only preaches no such gospel, but the contrary, and who is himself the withholder of every human right from enslaved fellow men. And the church fellowship and brotherhood there are extended wide to professors of religion, who hold not only their fellow men, but their own christian professing brethren in brute bondage. Is not this a direct sanctioning of slaveholding? If the church will fellow-

ship it, is not that the highest sanction she can give it?

We regard the resolutions of the church at Dunbarton as of very great importance to the anti-slavery cause, and so to the cause of true religion. Other churches will we hope follow their example. It is demolishing the citadel of slavery. The monster's hiding place and ark of safety is the *fellowship* of the orthodox church. Let it have that, and you can't eradicate it from the country. It will hold on securely, till the country and the church sink along with it. Rout it from this place of refuge, and it will in vain go coursing up and down, seeking rest. Its paths will be in dry places, and it will find no rest.

It has been sheltered and nourished in the bosom of the church, till it has grown fat and wanton, and is now an overmatch for every thing in the country, but the anti-slavery sword of the spirit. There is a temper in that, which the alligator mail of the dragon cannot resist. When the church shall be renovated and reformed so as once to wield this weapon, the evil spirit will spread forth its wings as Apollyon did at the sword-thrust of Christian, and flee away to the regions of its native night.

"I am in fellowship with the church," says the slaveholder, "in *steady* and *favored* fellowship, who shall move me! The abolitionist totters in his standing, and had better take heed, lest he fall."

We warn our christian brethren, and especially brethren in the ministry, to take solemn care, how they countenance this terrible iniquity and most barbarous cruelty any longer, by maintaining a position which the slaveholder feels entirely free to approach, and which will effectually quiet his conscience against all remorse.

Dr. Wayland.

You hardly treat this distinguished divine with proper respect, brother Rogers, or his argument with suitable seriousness and gravity, says an anti-slavery friend, speaking of our remarks in the Herald on the "Limitations of Human Responsibilities." In reply to this and any other abolitionist, who may entertain the same opinion, we would say that as an abolitionist we entertain not the slightest degree of respect for Dr. Wayland, or for his limitations, and therefore we cannot honestly express any.

He has done an act in the writing of that pro-slavery essay that discutitles him to the respect or approbation of any lover of his kind. His high standing and his high talents are no mitigation of his offence but the contrary. He has attempted to stab anti-slavery to the heart. He has attempted to murder it—and his wicked adherents are boasting that he has "killed it dead." Shall abolitionists respect him for his title and his influence and his rank. These are the very things that give culpability to his work and force and effect to his wrong. For there is nothing in his argument. It is a piece of disgraceful sophistry—disreputable to a liberally educated man as a mere performance—a piece of highly reprehensible inability as perpetrated against the cause of humanity and religion. There is really no sound argument in it—nothing that can honorably be encountered in serious form. It is an insult to anti-slavery understanding. It were labor thrown away to refute it. It were a waste of industry to unthread its intangible cobweb. It is a man of straw—a scarecrow—a rag man. Who will go out and solemnly shoot it down? Don Quixotte himself never could have mistaken it for an adventure—nor the Doctor, as he appears clad in his "Limitations," for a giant. Sancho Panza would not have wasted a proverb upon him.

There is a lingering disposition in us all to defer to the great men, and especially the divines and the politicians, who trample anti-slavery scornfully under foot. Now we humbly conceive they are the very men we ought sternly to withstand. They are the countenancers and instigators of the mobs, who have laid the hand of brute violence upon us. They are the men, who frown us out of the meeting house and the court house, and cast us over to the jurisdiction of the mob. They are the men who keep the slave from his liberty. All are ready to denounce the poor mob—and the miserable slaveholder,—but must speak deferentially and with great tenderness of respect, of the Honorables and the Doctors. They themselves despise and denounce the mob, and even deprecate its violence. They are afraid of it. They know it is an eyeless, indiscriminating monster, with no choice of objects when it has once tasted blood. They view it as their natural enemy and a most dangerous ally—and are ashamed of its alliance.

Now we pity the mob. We would not have it fired upon. It knows not what it does. We commiserate the unhappy slaveholder. His condition is scarcely less miserable than the slave's. But we have no respect—we may not entertain any—we betray the slave and the cause of liberty if we show any, to those who stand high here at the north, and trample on our cause.

Rhode Island A. S Society.

We have received the proceedings of this Society, at its recent annual meeting in Providence on the 14th, 15th and 16th of November ultimo, together with the third annual report of the executive committee, and sundry very interesting letters from distinguished abolitionists, addressed to the corresponding secretary in reply to his letters of invitation to attend the meeting. The late hour of their reception prevents a more particular notice this week.

C.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Brother Rogers,—I transcribe the following stirring extract from a letter received a few days since, from one of our "New-Hampshire boys," who is making a temporary sojourn in Lynn—a town, by the way, whose citizens foster the principles of abolitionism with a zeal and an energy worthy of the old Pilgrim spirit. The writer is no particular friend to abolition *measures*, although he appears, in this instance, to be somewhat enraptured with abolition *eloquence*. Well, let him remember that he is on dangerous ground, if he does not mean to be carried away by the sweeping tide of anti-slavery truth, which the gifted and powerful of our cause are pouring out upon the world. It *is* dangerous to listen to such men as Stanton and Phillips and Weld! It *is* dangerous to drink in their inspiring eloquence, lest our sympathies should at last get the better of our skepticism! The world generally, are marvelously wise, as well as prudent, in "turning a deaf ear" to the irresistible appeals of such champions of liberty. It is real Yankee shrewdness. They don't want to be convinced, *yet*. Hence their shyness—their sharp calculations on possibilities and events. The injunction of the apostle—"touch not, taste not, handle not"—continually blazes before them, as a sort of safe motto. What staunch temperance folks they would make, provided they could be induced to become such! They would never swerve from their principles—no, not a hair. No temptations would seduce *them*. A stoic would be not more inflexible. There are many who like *abolition* well enough; but they don't like the *ism* of it. It is this ugly *ism* that perpetually haunts them—this swallowing of the whole anti-slavery monster, from which they recoil. Squeamish mortals that they are. Divest abolitionism of its *dark* features—quench its fiery spirit—strip it of its homely deformities in fine, *kill Garrison* and a few others, and forsooth, it would become quite a respectable affair! Even thy refined brother of the Patriot, who sometimes feels *so* anti-"niggerishly," might then deign to treat it with civility, and make the discovery, perhaps, that its advocates are like other men—having "souls." But for the extract, which I did not intend to preface with so many remarks, when I sat down. Our abolition pens will run sometimes.

Thine for liberty,
MOSES A. CARTLAND.

Lynn, 11th mo. 3d, 1838.

* * * * * * * "A few evenings since, I heard Henry B. Stanton. The theme of his discourse was the justice and expediency of political action on the abolition question. He merely glanced at the "no-human-government men," and what he did say of them, was as soft and gentle as the balmy gales of the laughing South. But when he addressed himself to abolitionists, who cling to party and to party movements, whether emancipation-ward or not, *Stanton* was there—the whole man of him. I shall never forget his deep, bitter tones of commingled sarcasm and irony, when he spoke of currency questions, sub-treasury schemes, &c. as paramount to the raising of millions of souls, as it were, from the dead. He drew his figure up to its full height, flinging his arms about him in all directions, as though he was wielding a battle axe, he knew none could resist. You could see the workings of his mind in every muscle of his features—his eye was lighted up with the very spirit of eloquence and power. He caught up here and there a line, seizing them from the most sacred truths of justice and morality, till bundling them together and gathering them in one clutch, he came down upon the audience with the tremendous force of a sweeping thunder gust, in one flash of burning, blazing eloquence. Currencies, sub-treasuries, paramount interests, all—all the gossamer arguments and chicanery of party politicians, fled as though a cloud of annihilation was descending upon them; while the negro, crushed and bleeding, with his silent beseeching, stood in our midst. He seemed to lay hold on the whole cause of abolition and drag it up out of the dust, and place it on the high table land of *moral action*. He then seized politicians and politics—shaking them of their filth, until by his definition, they were fit accompaniments and co-workers with abolition. Blessed theory—but too blessed to be true. Politics, I acknowledge, in their high sense, should consist in moral action; but Stanton, herculean as he is, nor any other giant, can make them so under the principles upon which all governments are based. When he advised political action, he pleased without convincing me; but when he set dollars and cents in competition with the bodies and souls of men, and then dashed away the idea, as though it were a loathsome and hated thing, I could have shouted, amen, with a whole heart and soul."

P. S. One word more. Has not the writer of the above eloquent and graphic language, a good deal of latent abolition *grit* within him?—Why not let it be developed then, in its full strength and fervency? Why does not he and other young men who *can* wield their pens with power and effect, come boldly out; scorning to be shackled by the restraints of a time-serving and degenerate public sentiment? Why not press into the ranks of this great conflict and lend their young and vigorous energies to the cause of humanity? New-Hampshire—cold, tardy New-Hampshire—halting in her career, needs the awakening impulse which such fresh and resolute spirits would impart to her course. What a noble consecration of talent and patriotism it would be. How would the deserted temple of Liberty glitter again with its starry multitude.

M. A. C.

Dartmouth College, Nov. 21, 1838.

Mr. Editor,—We have just been listening to a Colonization lecture by Mr. Cresson of Philadelphia. An effort in behalf of that cause is so rare a thing of late, that people were even more curious to hear what might be said upon Colonization now, than, when Abolition was first broached here, to know what *it* meant. Mr. C. comes to us from Vermont, where he has been laboring, and, I apprehend, in an unfruitful field. He appears to be sincere, though I fear he is doing hurt to the cause of the slave, and no good for the African. His object seems to be to create sympathy for the Colonization scheme, and to smooth over and hush to sleep the deep and awakened interest excited by abolition movements. But to the address.

He first proceeded to give us a minute and graphic account of the slave trade to Africa, with its well known and dreadful effects upon the interior of that continent, and also the eager desires of the Africans for knowledge, the unfitness of the white, and the fitness of the black man to labor in that benighted land, by reason of climate, &c. All very well. He then proceeded to say that all the blacks in the U. States were none too many to civilize and christianize that country, and that they needed preparing for that service. Amen say we, and just set them free and they will prepare themselves, and their generous hearts will do it. Yes, they will go back to the land of their ancestors, and carry the "bread of life," as one single boon for the million woes inflicted on Africa. The condition of the free negroes was considered. He said that notwithstanding all the "immense efforts" in their behalf, they enjoyed nothing like true freedom. That they were still vicious and addicted to crime beyond the whites. Now we ask the gentleman what "immense efforts" have been made to elevate the free negro? and how far the crushing influence has ceased to operate? And if it is not to be expected, that where ignorance broods over the mind, there vice and crime will abound? And further, that if we will continue to urge the colored population off to Africa, how deadly must be the influence of such a wish, upon the hopes, the ambition and the pride of the free colored man. What incentive to rise and put on the new man?

He fain would have it believed that the colored man's case is such that no white man would deign to put himself there. When the truth is, that the white man in many instances, has no advantage over the colored, of equal opportunities. Said he had been in the South much. Expatiated upon the pious efforts of slaveholders to teach their slaves, and preach the gospel to them. He pictured the fury and anger of the owners on account of abolition. He did not mention abolition, but it was plainly understood what was meant, when he, not very happily for himself, though he undoubtedly thought so, declared Moses to have been the president of one of the first colonization societies ever known, and that Pharaoh was president of the first anti-colonization society. I presume the gentleman hardly thinks Pharaoh an abolitionist, though he seems disposed to class him as such. Moses, as well as a *Higher Power*, was first an abolitionist, first abolished slavery and then colonized the land of Canaan. We have no objection, on our own account, though we have on account of the slave owners, to such deliverance as the ancient Israelites obtained. Yea I would almost pray that the Lord would divide the waters of the Mississippi and let those bound pass over on dry land, but let not the Pharaohs pursue after them!—The gentleman quite speciously, and with much complacence remarked, that the *world* had, to a great extent been colonized, that colonizing was going on now in our own country. But he grossly deceived himself, if he does not reflect, that these are by no means parallel cases, at least where colonization has been carried on upon the principles of humanity. I will not weary you longer, by more comments upon what has been so often repeated by those who apologize for slavery, and as often shown to be futile and insufficient for meliorating the condition of the slave. We are to have the glories of Liberia and the region round about, displayed to us to-morrow evening. But Mr. Cresson's pathos and eloquence will be expended in vain here, where almost every one is ready with a mouthful of facts and arguments to annihilate all his colonization forces. Still he may succeed, in many places, in quieting and salving over the consciences of some who will not take the trouble to inform themselves of the merits of the question. His confession that he has been in the South much, is almost equivalent to an acknowledgement that he is an agent, voluntary perhaps, for that section. But he shall not be lynched, and shall be treated most courteously and tenderly; for he is a frail lamb having wandered from his fold.

M.

CHAPTER OF NEWS.

"Bible Against Slavery."—This invaluable pamphlet has been carefully revised by the author, and enlarged by the addition of about 24 pages of new matter, making it a much more complete and satisfactory elucidation of the teachings of the Old Testament on the subject of slavery. Price 15 cents.

Official Defalcation.—It is stated in the papers, that it has recently been discovered that Samuel Swartout, late Collector of this port, has embezzled large sums of the public money, some say a million of dollars or more. Mr. S. was at the head of the movements in behalf of the Texan adventurers, and advanced large sums of money in their behalf.—The mystery is now explained, where they found means to commence their piracies.—*N. Y. Emancipator.*

O'Connell's Testimony.—The committee have published an elegant broad sheet, containing the part of O'Connell's Birmingham speech that relates to American slavery, the Stevenson correspondence, and O'Connell's triumphant vindication; accompanied by an elegant engraved portrait of the great Irish Liberator. Price, $5 a hundred,—six cts. single. Our friends should take pains to bring them to the notice of the friends of freedom every where, especially to the sons of Erin.—*Eman.*

A flour mill, driven by steam, has recently been erected at Bath, Me. It turns out as good flour from 'down-east' wheat as the best of Gennesse. So pressing is the custom it has been necessary to add two more run of stones.

Fire. We learn by the Nashua Gazette, that a destructive fire occurred in Nashua village on Tuesday night of last week. It was first discovered at eleven o'clock, in the Dry Goods Store of T. Kendall jr., in Thayer's buildings, north side of the Bridge; its progress was so rapid that the buildings could not be saved.

The building in which the fire first broke out, was a two story building, and was occupied in the lower stories by T. Kendall, jr. as a dry goods store Luther Taggard as a tailor's shop, and Benjamin F. Manning as a W. India Goods store. The upper story was occupied by Messrs. A. & A. Beard, publishers of the New Hampshire Telegraph, as a printing office, and by Charles Day as a dwelling house.

So rapid was the progress of the fire in this building that but a very few of its contents could be saved. Mr. Kendall lost his entire stock of goods and books, with the exception of one ledger, which was the only thing saved. Loss about $8,000—insured $3,000 in the Lowell Mutual.

Messrs Beard lost the whole of their printing materials, type press and furniture of the office, but saved their books. Loss $1,000 insured $500 in the Hillsborough Mutual. Mr. Taggard saved his goods, and will sustain no other loss than the damage in their removal—no insurance. Mr. Manning was preparing to open a store in this building, but fortunately had got but a small amount of his stock in. His loss is about $300—no insurance. Mr. Day lost the whole of his household furniture, barely saving himself and family. His loss is not known—no insurance.

The other building was also two stories, and was occupied in the lower story by A. E. Thayer as a book store, and by Robert Moore as a jewelry store and dwelling house, and by Dr. J. M. Reed as an office. The goods and furniture in this building were principally saved.

Mr. Thayer's loss, including the buildings, which were both owned by him, is estimated at from 7 to $8,000—insured $1,600 in the New Hampshire Mutual, and $1,600 in the Hillsborough Mutual, on the buildings. There was also an insurance of $600 in the Hillsborough Mutual on his stock of books, which he saved. Mr. Moore's loss was trifling, with the exception of the damage in removing his furniture and goods—no insurance. Mr. Kendall's furniture was also we believe all saved. Dr. Reed's loss we have have not learnt, but suppose it to be slight.

The total loss is estimated at about $17,000. Insurance $7,300.

The revenue of the port of Boston during the month of October 1837, amounted to $174,692. During the same month the present year it amounted to $295,415. Showing an increase of $120,723.

Arrival of the Great Western.—The splendid Steam Ship Great Western, arrived at New York on Friday morning last. She brings no news of much interest. She was 13 days and 18 hours on her passage from Bristol, Eng. Her Letters exceeded ten thousand, besides newspapers and small parcels. She brought fifty passengers, among whom was John Van Buren, son of the President.

Accident. A son of Mr. Elisha Plaisted of Jefferson, aged six years, having a few days since accompanied a boy considerably older than himself, into the woods on a hunting excursion, was shot thro' the body by the accidental discharge of his companion's gun, and died soon after. [Coos Dem.

We are informed that too quarts of lime stone thrown around the roots of a peach tree will prevent it seven years against the attack of the peach worm.

Remarkable Preservation. Mr. George N. Damon, of Concord, New Hampshire, fell from the roof of a five story building in Boston, Cambridge Street No. 5, and had not a bone broken, nor a joint dislocated, and was able, in less than three weeks to return to his friends, in his native town.

The notorious *Slack* is advertised in the Virginia Religious Herald as practising his impositions in that State.

Duelling. We are pleased to learn that public sentiment is setting with full tide against the barbarous practice of duelling in Great Britian. Two individuals, Webber and Young, seconds in a late duel have been tried for murder and sentenced to be *hung*. We hope public opinion on this side the "blue water" will become corrected, and that proper measures will be adopted by our civil authorities on this subject.

The Hartford Patriot says that the editor of the Review, published in that city, has sued a respectable lady for a breach of promise of marriage, and laid his damages at $30,000.

New York polls nearly 300,000 votes. Little Delaware contents herself with a couple of thousand, and yet she has the same power in the Senate as the Empire State.

A Crash.—The front side of a four story store, in Buffalo, lately fell out into the street, burying in ruins a large stock of stoves, hardware, &c.

A Boston paper has suggested that Postmasters should be elected by the people. [Second the motion.

HYMENEAL.

Married, in this town, on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Maj. Cyrus Hill to Miss Nancy L. Walker.—On Thursday evening, Mr. Charles Winter of Holderness to Miss Nancy Stewart of this town.

OBITUARY.

In this town, on Friday afternoon of last week, Mr. Henry Farley, aged 48, a highly respected citizen, whose death is much lamented. While alone in his shop he fell about six feet from a ladder, and fractured his skull in a manner that caused death in less than an hour. He spoke not after his fall. The immense crowd who attended his funeral showed the estimation in which he was held by those who knew him.

In this town Capt. John Eastman, aged 80, a worthy man, whose life has been one continued series of useful actions, and who was at last gathered to his fathers like a well ripened sheaf from the wheat field of the farmer.—*Courier.*

In Montpelier, Vt. 19th ult. Mrs. Hannah H., wife of Silas D. Farmer, aged 31 years.

Grafton County.

The ANNUAL MEETING of the Grafton County Anti-Slavery Society will be holden in the Congregational meeting house in HAVERHILL, on the 25th and 26th (*Tuesday and Wednesday*) of DECEMBER next to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

All the town Anti-Slavery Societies in the county are *earnestly* requested to be fully represented. They are also requested to send to the Secretary *immediately*, by mail or otherwise, the name of each Society, the time of formation, the number of its members, and the name of its President and Secretary.

In towns where Societies do not exist, all persons friendly to the object of the Society are respectfully invited to attend.

T. K. BLAISDELL, Sec'y.
Haverhill, Nov. 20, 1838.

Concord, (East Village,)
Nov. 9, 1838.

WE, the undersigned have recently examined specimens of Writing, in the school in this village under the instruction of Mr. CHARLES C. HODGDON, and are much gratified to be able to say, that the improvement has been very rapid, and evinced close application of the scholar, and careful attention and skill in the teacher.

We can cheerfully recommend Mr. Hodgdon to the patronage of the public as an instructor in Penmanship.

STEPHEN AMBROSE,
CYRUS ROBINSON,
LEWIS GAGE.

STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Grafton, ss.

The Honorable Edward Webber Judge of the Probate of Wills, &c. for said County. To the heirs at Law, and all interested in the estate of OLIVER FLANDERS, late of Plymouth, in said County, deceased—testate,

GREETING.

YOU are hereby notified, that OLIVER FLANDERS, administrator with the Will annexed, on the estate of said deceased, has presented his account of administration on said estate, and filed the same in the Probate office for examination and allowance; that the same will be considered at the Court of Probate to be holden at Plymouth, in said County, on the first Tuesday of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon; at which time and place you may appear and object to the allowance thereof, if you see cause. And the said administrator is hereby ordered to give notice, by causing this citation to be published in the Herald of Freedom, printed at Concord, in our county of Merrimack, three weeks successively, the last publication whereof to be before said Court.

Given at Plymouth, in said county, this sixth day of November, Anno Domini, 1838.

By order of the Judge,
MOSES DOW, *Register.*
Nov. 10, 1838.

Hats and Caps.

THE Subscriber gives notice that he has taken the Store formerly occupied John W. Moore, 2 *Two doors North of Gass's Hotel,* where he will keep a good assortment of

HATS, FUR and CLOTH CAPS, BUFFALO ROBES, FUR COLLARS, OVER-SHOES, &c. &c.

which he will sell *as low* as can be purchased in town.

DAVID ALLISON.
Concord, Nov. 1, 1838. 6m

ISRAEL S. BOYD

HAS for sale at his Bookstore in Low's Block, Main Street,

ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANACKS for 1839, at $3.50 a hundred; 50 cts. a doz; 6 cts. single.

EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES, by Thome and Kimball, in pamphlet form—price 20 cts. single; $2 12 1-2 a doz.

NARRATIVE OF JAMES WILLIAMS, in single sheets, 2 cts. single; 18 cts. a dozen; $1 25 a hundred.

ALSO—Other Anti-Slavery publications.

He expects to be constantly supplied with a general assortment of Anti-Slavery works, and to be able to supply all who may call upon him at the Boston and New-York prices.

Concord, Sept. 22, 1838.

Removal.

THE *Big Figure* (alias the Big 8) is now removed opposite the State House, to the Store recently occupied by *Davidson & Son.*

The subscriber having finished off the store in good style and filled it with almost an entire

New Stock of ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN DRY GOODS,

is desirous that his old customers (who have cash to spare) and the public in general, should give him an early call.

At the Big 8. W. W. ESTABROOK, *ag't.*

Broadcloths and Cassimeres.

JUST opened at the BIG 8, a splendid assortment of

ENGLISH, GERMAN, and AMERICAN
CLOTHS,

of a variety of shades. All kinds of CASSIMERES.—Sup. Cut SILK VELVETS and VALENCIA VESTINGS.

Remember the BIG 8.

Tailoring Establishment.

J. VARNEY'S services have been secured to superintend the *Tailoring Department* at the BIG 8.

To speak of Mr. Varney's qualifications as a Tailor, would be superfluous. It is only necessary to add, that since he has been at the Capital, his success in the manufacture of Garments has entitled him to the entire confidence of the community.

N. B. Those who should bring in Cloths to be made into Garments, or to be cut for others, will bear in mind that the BIG 8 is removed *Opposite the State House.*

October 13. 156w

POETRY.

From the Liberator of Aug. 11, 1832.

Anna and Zambo.

An esteemed female friend in Philadelphia has obligingly transmitted to us a beautiful manuscript copy of the following pathetic tale, from the pen of AMELIA OPIE. It was extracted from her works some years since, and printed in a small book for children, which is now probably out of print. Our friend very judiciously remarks upon this simple story—

'Zambo's strength of affection, native simplicity, and keen perception of justice, are certainly forcible appeals to the feelings. How touching are the lines,

'Oh! if dat England understand
De Negro's wrongs, how wrath she be!'

And may we not apply it in prospective to our own country? When she beholds, with the illuminated eye of justice, the wrongs of her oppressed offspring, will not her indignation be kindled, and will she not arise in the majesty of her power, and say to the oppressed, 'Be free'? Then indeed shall we 'preach and *practice* too' the noble doctrine of liberty and equal rights; and no longer be justly chargable with the gross inconsistency of riveting the fetters of oppression, while we are elevating the standard of liberty.'

THE NEGRO BOY'S TALE.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

Haste! hoist the sails! fair blows the wind:
Jamaica, sultry land, adieu!
Away, and loitering Anna find!
I long dear England's shores to view.

The sailors gladly haste on board,
Soon is Trevanion's voice obeyed,
And instant at her father's word,
His menials seek the absent maid.

But where was loitering Anna found?
Mute listening to a Negro's prayer,
Who knew that sorrow's plaintive sound
Could always gain her ready ear:

Who knew, to soothe the slave's distress,
Was gentle Anna's dearest joy,
And thence an earnest suit to press,
To Anna flew the Negro boy.

'Missa,' poor Zambo cried, 'sweet land
Dey tell me dat you go to see,
Vere soon as on de shore he stand,
De helpless negro slave be free.

Ah! dearest Missa! you so kind,
Do take me to dat blessed shore,
Dat I, my own dear land may find,
And doze who love me, see once more

O ven no slave, a boat I buy,
For me a *letet* boat vould do,
And over wave again I fly,
Mine own dear Negro land to view.

Oh! I should know it quick like tink,
No land so fine as dat, I see,
And den perhaps upon de brink
My moder might be look for me.

It is long time since lass we meet,
Ven I vas take by bad vite man,
And moder cry, and kiss his feet,
And shrieking after Zambo ran.

Oh Missa! long, how long me feel
Upon mine arm her last embrace;
Vile in de duk, dark ship I dwell,
Long burn her tear upon my face.

How glad me vas she did not see
De heavy chain my body bear,
Nor close, how close ve crowded be,
Nor feel how bad, how sick de air.

Poor slaves!.....But I had best forget;
Dey say (but teaze me in deir joy,)
Me grown so big, dat ven ve meet
My moder would not know her boy.

Ah! sure tis false! but what if no?
Ven I again my moder see,
Such joy I at her sight would show,
Dat she vould tink it must be me.

Den, kindest Missa, be my friend,
Don dat indeed you long become;
But now one greatest favor lend,
Oh! find me chance to see my home.

And ven I'm in my moder's arms,
And tell de wonders I have know,
I'll say most best of all de charms,
Vas she who feel for Negro's wo.

And she shall learn fo you dat prayer,
Dey teach to me, to make me good;
Don men who sons from moders tear,
She'll tink, teach goodness, never could.

Dey say I should to oders do,
Vat I vould have dem do to me,
But if dey preach and *practice* too,
A Negro slave me vould not be.

Missa, dey say dat ou black skin
Be ugly, ugly to de sight;
But surely if dey look vidin,
Missa, de Negro's heart be vite.

You cocoa-nut no smooth as silk,
But rough and ugly is de rind;
Ope it sweet meat, and sweeter milk
Vidin dat ugly coat ve find.

Ah, Missa, smiling in your tears,
I see you know what I'd impart;
De cocoa husk the skin I vear,
De milk vidin be Zambo's heart.

Dat heart love you and dat good land,
Vere every Negro slave be free,
Oh! if dat England understand,
De Negro's wrongs, how wrath she be!

No don't dat ship she never send,
Poor hapless Negro slave to bay,
Nor would she ere de wretch befriend,
Dat dare such cruel bargain try.

Oh! Missa's God! dat country bless,—
Here Anna's color went and came:
But saints might share the pure distress,
For Anna blushed at others' shame.

'But, Missa, say, shall I vid you,
To dat sweet England now depart,
Once more my own good country view,
And press my moder to my heart?'

Then on his knees poor Zambo fell,
While Anna tried to speak in vain;
Th' expecting boy she could not tell
He'd ne'er his mother see again.

But while she stood in mournful thought,
Nearer and nearer voices came,
The servants loitering Anna sought,
The echoes rang with Anna's name

Ah! then o'ercome with boding fear,
Poor Zambo seized her trembling hand:
'Mine only friend,' he cried, 'me fear
You go and me not see my land.'

Anna returned the artless grasp:
'I cannot grant thy suit,' she cries;
'But I my father's knees will clasp,
Nor will I, till he hears me, rise.

For should thine anxious wish prove vain,
And thou no more thy country see,
Still Pity's hand might break thy chain
And lighter bid thy fabors be.

Here cruel stripes, alas! are thine,
And tasks far, far beyond thy powers—
But I'll my father's heart incline
To bear thee to more friendly shores.

Come to the beach—for me they wait!'
Then grasping Zambo's sable hand,
Swift as the wind, with hope elate,
The lovely suppliant reached the strand.

But wo betides an ill-timed suit!
His temper, soured by her delay,
Travanion bade his child be mute,
Nor dare such fruitless hopes betray.

'I know,' she cried, 'I cannot free
The countless slaves that round me pine;
But one poor Negro's friend to be
Might (blessed chance) might now be mine,'

But vainly Anna wept and prayed,
And Zambo knelt upon the shore;
Without reply, the pitying maid
Travanion to the vessel bore.

Meanwhile poor Zambo's cries to still,
And his indignant grief to tame,
Eager to act his brutal will,
The Negro's scourge-armed ruler came.

The whip is raised—the lash descends—
And Anna hears the sufferer's groan:
But while the air with shrieks she rends,
The signal's given, the ship sails on.

That instant, by despair made bold,
Zambo one last great effort tried;
He burst from his tormentor's hold,
And plunged within the foaming tide.

The desperate deed Travanion views,
And all his weak resentment flies:
'See! see! the vessel he pursues!
Help him, for mercy's sake!' he cries

'Out with the boat! quick! throw a rope!
Wretches! how tardy is your aid!'
While pale with dread, or flushed with hope,
Anna the awful scene surveyed.

The boat is out—the rope is cast—
And Zambo struggles with the wave!
'Ah! he the boat approaches fast!
Oh, *Father*, ve his life shall save!'

'But low my child, and lower yet,
His head appears;—but sure he sees
The succor given—and seems to meet
Th' opposing waves with greater ease;

See! see! the rope, the boat he nears!
I see him now his arms extend!
My Anna, dry those precious tears—
My child *shall* be one Negro's friend!'

Ah! fate was near that hope to foil;
To reach the rope poor Zambo tries,
But, ere he grasps it, faint with toil,
The struggling victim sinks and dies!

Anna, I mourn thy virtuous wo—
I mourn thy father's keen remorse;
But from my eyes no tears would flow
At sight of Zambo's silent corse.

The orphan from his mother torn,
And pining for his native shore—
Poor tortured slave! poor wretch forlorn!
Can I his early death deplore?

I pity those who live and groan;
Columbia countless Zambos sees,
And swelled with many a wretch's moan
Is western India's sultry breeze.

Come, *Justice*, come! in glory drest:
Oh come! the wo worn Negro's friend—
The fiend-delighting trade arrest,
The Negro's chains asunder rend!

MISCELLANY.

Commercial Projects of the South.

A Committee appointed by the Commercial Convention which met at Richmond, Va. last June, have recently put forth an address to the people of Virginia, in which the necessity of opening a direct trade with Europe, is, as is the fashion among the political merchants of the South, strenuously advocated. In its statements and course of argument, it is in most points similar to the South Carolina address, which we noticed a few weeks since in our paper. We shall let it pass therefore without additional comment, only quoting a single paragraph from it to show the superiority of *free* over *slave* institutions:

"The gain to the Northern States and the injury to you accruing from the course of your trade, cannot be more aptly illustrated than by a comparison of their condition with your own. With a soil inferior to yours, and yielding inadequate supplies for their own consumption; with harbors certainly not more accessible, safe, or capacious, rivers of less volume and extent, with scantier materials and less friendly climate for manufacturing; with far less means of raising within themselves a capital to be employed in foreign trade, they have had the sagacity to appropriate your capital to their use.—They have traded abroad on your exports; out of the proceeds of your products they pay for their foreign purchases, bring them to their own ports, sell them to you, and thus sustain and increase their tonnage, give profitable employment to their people, and add yearly to their commercial capital the fruits of this gainful traffic. This, fellow citizens, is the secret of their prosperity and your decline; a prosperity and decline, which, as was to be expected, not confining itself to commerce merely, has pervaded, and continues to pervade, every department of industry with increasing power."

The great secret of the superiority of the North, the Committee attribute to the foreign trade, which arises from its great capital, which is furnished by its banking institutions. Their remedy for the disease of the South is, the establishment of banking institutions, which are to create capital, which is to create trade!

In connection with this we may mention that the Convention of Southern Merchants again assembled at Augusta, Geo. on the 15 inst. Their operations so far seem to be confined to those two discontented States, Georgia and South Carolina. 147 delegates were present, 132 of whom were from these two states. 8 were from Alabama, 3 from Mississippi, 3 from Tennessee, 1 from Florida. A Committee of 21 was appointed to consider and report on the objects of the Convention. On motion of John A. Calhoun, it was resolved that it be referred to the Committee "to report as to the best practicable means of inducing our merchants to patronize Southern ports." The Committee will require more heads than 21, to get over this difficulty. Since the Southern Convention has commenced operations, it would seem that the evils it has so loudly reprobated have rather increased than diminished. Mr. Calhoun in supporting the resolution, complained that Southern men were too much given to talking instead of acting—that a great deal had been said and published about direct importation, but Southern merchants were as much in the habit of resorting to Northern ports as ever—"he was not sure that they were not more." And this too, notwithstanding the multiplication of abolitionists at the North, and the passage of resolution after resolution by the Southern Merchants' Convention? Even so. After the adoption of divers resolutions, respecting the formation of trading companies in the Southern States, works of internal improvements, &c. &c., the Convention adjourned till the third Monday in April next, when they will meet again to appoint committees, pass resolutions, and adjourn. Mr. Holmes, a member of the Convention, from Charleston, seemed to understand the matter better than some his brethren. He insisted on the necessity of prompt and vigorous *action*.—"Conventions and speeches," he said, would do no good. They must go to work, and build ships, make rail-roads, &c. and emulate the perseverance and enterprise of the North."

That is just the thing; but will they do all this, while they have slaves? Never. Fifty years' experience ought to teach wisdom.—The next Convention would do well to appoint a committee to inquire into the bearings of Mr. Calhoun's "most glorious institution," on trade, commerce, &c.—*Philan.*

Distinctions.

To the man of sense, who views society as a necessary compact of intelligent beings, met for mutual benefit upon the broad ground of EQUALITY, those petty distinctions founded on the possession of wealth, or other extraneous appendages of character, appear ridiculous and amusing. In this country, where the boast of equality is upon every lip, there are more distinctions in society than in any other country in the world; and there are grades of aristocracy, in each of which there is more of exclusiveness manifested than among the nobility and gentry of any kingdom of Europe. There are distinctions in society which should always exist, on the perpetuity of which sound morality greatly depends. They consist in the various phases exhibited by virtue and vice; and the more vicious a member of the compact becomes, broader and more decided should the virtuous draw the line of distinction, which should never be passed except on an errand of mercy by the latter, to reclaim the former. This is a distinction of character, depending upon the volition of each, not on any fortuitous circumstances, and consequently is a legitimate distinction. But to see men building their structure of superiority upon the sandy and uncertain foundation of riches, upon the fame of some distinguished progenitor, or upon the more foolish and ridiculous idea that one employment is more *genteel* than another, excites the smile of mingled pity and contempt upon the lips of the sensible. Yet we daily meet with those who assume superiority on these grounds and it is to this practice, arising from the error of the judgment, or the absolute want of common sense, that we may ascribe nine-tenths of the evils with which the harmony of society is disturbed.

Several years since, we made a journey to a thriving village in a neighboring county, and, while tarrying at the house of a friend, saw a practical illustration of the above remarks. A social party had gathered on the return of another birth-day of one of our friend's daughters, and it was really a congregation of pretty and cheerful faces. During the evening, a cotillion was proposed, and couples immediately formed upon the floor. From a retired corner came a neatly dressed young man, with an intelligent countenance and pleasing address, and invited a gay, butterfly girl, who seemed to flirt with everybody, to join in the dance. She scarcely deigned a recognition, and coldly refused. The young man bit his lips, while the flush of offended pride mounted to his cheeks, and, passing to the opposite side of the room, found his hand acceptable to a pretty, modest miss, and in a moment more they were moving in the dance.

"Who was that young man?" asked a merchant's clerk, addressing the coquette first mentioned.

"He is an impudent puppy," responded the frail one, curling her pretty lip haughtily: "he is nothing but a mechanic, and I wonder at his presumption in asking me to dance."

"'T was presumption, indeed, and extraordinarily and shockingly imperlite," responded the clerk, tucking in the ruffles of his dickey, and throwing one leg ever the other, in an important attitude. "I wonder that Mr. —— was not more select in choosing the members of this 'ere party. But so it is; society here is gittin' as bad as Bosting and other indurateous places, where gentlemen are continually perforated with these 'ere infernal mechanics. You done right, miss, awfully right, in scorning to accept sich like company."

"So says Miss Ann: don't you, Ann?" said the indignant coquette, addressing her butterfly companion.

"Yes, you did, Hetty: and I'll be hanged if I'd dance with one of them are mechanics, if I never did. But do look! as sure as eggs, the impertinent fellow is dancing with Judge B——'s Phillippina. I think she ought to be ashamed of herself, for such a disgrace in open company."

"She's astoundingly foolish," said the clerk, shifting his legs importantly. "But, come, Miss Hetty, will you dance?"

"With all my heart," said Hetty, and they simultaneously sprung to the floor.

We listened to this colloquy with superlative contempt for the utterers, and having formed an opinion of their characters, from the index just given, resolved to discover that of the young man. We ascertained that he was a coach-maker, respectably connected, of industrious habits, possessed of a mind far above the ordinary standard, and withal, well cultivated. He viewed society as a man of sense ought, to exist in the circle of a social party. Courtesy prompted him to offer his hand to the haughty coquette, and the refusal wounded his fine feelings. But they were healed by the frank and courteous address of the daughter of Judge B.; and, in truth, a motive more exalted than mere courtesy actuated them both. They were betrothed, but the gossips had not yet heard the secret. While leading the modest Emma to the cotillion ring, he looked with proper contempt upon the haughty Hester M——, the misguided daughter of a broken merchant. She drew a line of distinction between herself and the honest mechanic, while he also traced a demarcation. Hers was drawn by an erroneous judgment, his by correct principles. The sequel is brief. The mechanic became soon the son-in-law of Judge B., emigrated to Indiana, and, at the last election in that State, was chosen a member of the popular branch of its legislature.

After seasons of flirtation and coquetry, Hester M.—— became the wife of the "engaging" young clerk, who, carrying his exclusive principles into his business relations, and endeavoring to ape his wealthy neighbors, was soon numbered with a list of bankrupts, and now gains but a scanty pittance in the metropolis as a third rate clerk. There *are* distinctions in society; but they are too often drawn by ignorance, or erring judgment.—*Poughkeepsie Casket.*

From the Philanthropist.

A Short Conversation.

Tom—What do the scriptures call the niggers; I'd just like to know that?

Dick.—They call them Ethiopians.

T.—What do they sa about their Ethiopes?

D.—They say that the "Ethiopians" were "merchants"—that they handled the "shield"—and were a great "Host."

T.—No, that a'nt it, what do they say about them Ethiope's skin? I know I used to hear my mother read it somewheres.

D.—They ask this question, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the Leopard his spots?"

T.—Zactly so!—I knowd that was it—I knowd the Bible would'nt *lie* for 'em!—it jist sets 'em down in their proper places—among them Leopards and them there other *Wild Bastes* what is "*put under our feet*," do'nt ya see Dick, there were some amalgamashunists in them times what wanted to make *men* out or Niggers. I tell ya what I seed once. I seed a pictur of a Nigger settin in a washtub, and some malgamation Soapsuds to make him *white as a lily!*—But they could'nt fix it nohow—they had to give up the notion. I knowd they were *another speechas!*—

D.—But Tom, the Bible puts the Ethiopians in another class—not quite so beastly—and nearer akin to yourself.

T.—How so?—There is no contradictions in the Bible, I know.

D.—It says, "*Behold! a man! of Ethiopia! of great authority! under Candace queen of the Ethiopians! who had charge of all her treasure! had come to Jerusalem! for to worship! was returning! and sitting in his chariot, read Isaias the Prophet!*" What think you of that Tom? An *Animal* of *Another Species*, to be "*A man!*" of "*Great Authority!*" Treasurer to a Queen!—a *worshipper!*—*a reader! a reader of Hebrew! a Christian convert! and, sitting in a chariot with a white man!* Why Tom, I heard a young man say that he met a *white man* riding *in a carriage with a Nigger fellow*, and that he could *freely have cow-hided them both!*

T.—Indeed Dick, so could I. They desarved it.

D.—It was well then you didn't meet *Philip* and the Queen's "*Treasurer.*"

T.—Ah well, it ant no use to arga *so.*—That must be some wrong translation. Our preacher said, there is some *wrong translations* about *animals;* and that Dr. Somebody, I forget his name, said, that that *wily serpent* that was in Eden, was not a serpent, *he was a monkey!* And them *ravens* what fed Elijah was not ravens, *they was Arabs.* And *Satan* himself was not Satan, *he was a conscience.* I know they is *another speechas.*—Dick, you are the beetenest fellow I ever met with, but you can't beet me out of that.

Curious Typographical Error.

The celebrated printer, Henri Ettiene, son of Robert, (both known in the learned world by the name of Stephanus,) was once engaged in the printing of a splendid quarto Missal. The great number of subscribers seemed likely to make ample compensation for the heavy expense required by the undertaking. After the sheets had been corrected with the utmost care, the work was printed off, splendidly bound, and delivered to the subscribers. It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of the learned printer, when one copy after another was returned to him, till all were sent back. He enquired the reason of this extraordinary circumstance, and was informed, that in one place the compositor had put *Ica le petre clera sa cullote*, (here the priest will take off his breeches,) instead of *callotte*, (small black cap,) and the error escaped the correctors of the press. In vain did the poor printer offer to make a cancel; the subscribers who were almost all ecclesiastics, positively refused to take the work on any terms. This unfortunate affair is said to have been the first and chief cause of the derangement which afterwards caused Henri Ettiene to be confined in the Lunatic Hospital at Lyons, where he died in 1698. There is a copy of the Missal with this unlucky error, in the royal library at Paris.

A Thought.—Were children accustomed from infancy to hear nothing but correct conversation, there would be but little need of their learning arbitrary rules of Grammar—they would naturally speak and write correctly. Hence it is that children of educated parents are generally so much more easy and graceful in their conversation than the children of the uneducated. Our language like our manners, is caught from those with whom we associate; and if we would have the young improve in this important part of education we must be careful that they hear no vulgarisms from us. Parents and teachers cannot be too particular in their use of language in the presence of imitative children.—*Pestalozzi.*

"There are three things," says Confucious, "to beware of through life. When a man is young, let him beware of his appetites;—when middle aged, of his passions; and when old, of covetousness especially."

The Northern Harp.

A NEW Collection of CHURCH MUSIC, by H. E. MOORE, Second Edition, just published and for sale by WHITE & BOYD,
Concord, N. H.

☞ The following among the many recommendations received, are sufficient to attract public attention to the merits of the work.

Recommendations.

From the Handel and Hayden Society of Dartmouth College.

Mr. MOORE: SIR,—At our last meeting, it was voted, that the thanks of this Society be presented to Mr. Moore, for a copy of his late publication, the Northern Harp. It may not be amiss in this connection to remark, that your new work has been examined by the President and many members of this association. All concur in assigning it a prominent station among the numerous collections of Psalmody. Should it be as extensively circulated and used as its merits deserve, there can be no doubt but that it will exert an important influence in elevating the standard of Church Music, and in cultivating and cherishing a refined and delicate taste, capable of appreciating the excellencies of chaste and dignified musical composition. Wishing you success in your laudable endeavors to subserve the interests of the community,

I remain, with great respect, yours, &c.
ISAAC AMES, Sec. Handel Society.
Dart. Coll., March 31, 1838.

From Mr. George Wood, Teacher of Music.

Mr. MOORE: SIR,—I have examined the Northern Harp, and think it has been got up with great taste and judgment, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to the patronage of the musical public. It contains a great number of pieces, original and selected, of rare beauty and excellence, and I have no doubt it will become one of the most popular works of the day.

The Choir in this place have introduced the Harp, among various other collections of Church Music, and are highly pleased with the work.

GEO. WOOD.
Haverhill, N. H. Jan. 10, 1838.

From Mr. Lyman Heath, Teacher of Music.

Mr. MOORE: Sir,—I have just examined your new collection of Church Music, entitled "The Northern Harp," and with pleasure recommend it to the patronage of the musical public. I think it contains the most pleasing variety of tunes which are equally adapted to the Church, the social circle, or the family; and the harmony is chaste, simple and correct. The work contains a great variety of metres, thus obviating the difficulty of adapting tunes to the hymns of peculiar metres, and much that is entirely new, selected from the highest source of musical excellence. You have also added a choice selection of anthems and set-pieces, rendering the work one which will be eagerly sought by Choirs and Schools throughout the country. LYMAN HEATH.
Littleton, 1838.

☞ Teachers and Schools supplied on liberal terms. Orders respectfully solicited.
Concord, Sept. 7, 1838. 29—tf

Strengthening PLASTER AND SALVE.

Vast improvement on celebrated Dr. Sweet's

DR. S. C. HEWETT'S (the Bone Setter, Boston, Mass.) celebrated STRENGTHENING PLASTER. Dr. H. having been interrupted in his professional pursuits by the constant call for the Plaster, has been obliged to offer it for sale. It is recommended to be applied to the following cases, viz:—For pains and weakness in the back, stomach, sides and loins, rheumatism, and the effects of mercury, corns, and the effects and consequences of sprains, dislocations and fractures, and in many cases of felons and ulcerated sores, for cleansing and healing them, and in fact, all weaknesses.

Dr. H. does not advertise this Medicine to supply the public, but because it is a valuable Salve, calculated to relieve human suffering. As Dr. H. was a pupil of the late Dr. Job Sweet, he has the advantage of all Dr. S.'s skill, in addition of what he has himself acquired in the course of twelve years' extensive and continued practice. This Plaster he considers a great improvement on any hitherto offered for sale for the complaints above specified.

Dr. H. will also prepare medicines (which will shortly be offered for sale) that are certain cures for the tic doloreux or neuralgia, and for the hemorrhoids or Piles.

No article of medicine will be authorized for sale by Dr. Hewett, unless the label on the same is signed *S. C. Hewett.*

For sale, wholesale, by Maynard & Noyes, Druggists, No. 11, Merchant's Row, Boston, General Agents. Sold also, wholesale and retail, by Charles Whipple, Bookseller, No. 2, State street, Newburyport, Agent for the county of Essex, and for the State of New-Hampshire. For sale at this Office.
July 21, 1838. 21—6m

To the Public.

THE subscriber considers it due to Dr. S. C. Hewett, (as an act of gratitude, and to his fellow citizens, from impulse of humanity) to describe briefly, the condition of body, out of which he has been rescued by the skill and practice of the Doctor.

Before applying to Dr. H. the subscriber had, for nearly two years, suffered a malady, which had so far deprived him of the use of his legs, that he could neither walk nor stand. Every day the weakness of power was greater; and the constant sedentary posture, to which he was doomed by day, deprived him of refreshing sleep by night. The want of corporeal vigor produced such a prostration of mental energy, that the melancholy prospect opened before him of years of life without action, and without regulated thought. And whenever sufficient energy broke in upon his benighted mind, to make the darkness that involved his prospects horrible by contrast, there fell upon him such an "avalanche of misery that life itself became a burthen. By the mercy of God, he is now, in a great degree, restored to the power of motion, (so as to walk) and to serenity of mind, by the skill and exertions of Dr. Hewett; and he publishes this (to him) exhilarating fact, that all those unfortunates, who have pined in helpless seclusion, or suffered like maladies in "weariness of hope deferred," may know that there is balm in Gilead, and a physician there," to whom all, who would apply, may be assured, that no suffering (by rash unskillfulness) awaits them; but that his mode of treatment is as immediately and constantly grateful to their sensations, as the result is successful and salutary.

The Physician above named is Dr. S. C. Hewett, bone setter, &c. 297, Washington street, Boston.

JOHN B. DERBY, *late Deputy Surveyor of the Customs, Boston.*
July 21, 1838. 21—6m

THE HERALD OF FREEDOM

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